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PLANCHE

THE FOLIES OF A NIGHT

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Dr. Druggendraft - 2. 1. 1. 1.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS ingenious version of a lively French vaudeville comedy, was first produced the fifth of October, 1842, at Drury Lane. It is from the pen of Planché, and has all that exquisite neatness of construction, which distinguishes his many successful pieces for the stage. The materials of the plot are slight, but they are so nicely adjusted, and the incidents, though by no means novel, are so happily combined, that the comedy is a succession of amusing surprises and clever hits.

The scene is in France, in the youth of Orleans when Duke de Chartres : and the "Follies of a Night" are those of the *Duchess*, who takes advantage of her husband's absence with the army to venture to a masquerade ball, and those of the *Duke*, who avails himself of his supposed absence to return secretly to Paris for a little amusement of his own. Between the manœuvres of the two, *Pierre Palliot*, who has come to the metropolis in search of fortune and his uncle *Druggendraft*, the ducal physician, is bandied about till he finds all that he sought, and even more, in the person of a suitable bride.

The comedy was thoroughly successful in the representation. Charles Mathews, as the adventurer, threw a tinge of rusticity into his gallantry and address, and was a most mercurial young spark ; and Madame Vestris played the coquette with her wonted elegance and ease. Mr. Hudson as the *Duke*, appeared to better advantage than he had ever done, his vivacity not being too boisterous ; and he sang a song of rakish sentiment with piquancy and effect. Compton, as *Dr. Druggendraft*, was droll without buffoonery. There was a quiet avoidance of grimace and exaggeration in his manner, and he won hearty applause without either. The effect of the little songs, unIntroduced by

symphony, as if they were but vocal terminations to the dialogue, was very pleasant. "Every one of the performers," says the Examiner, "acted well, and sang well, and the running accompaniment of laughter from the audience never failed. The most morose must have yielded to the infection; and we were not surprised next day to see grave critics resenting the weakness of giving was to a piece that, with nothing wonderful in the way of character, and no astonishing harvest of wit, had made so many people happy for half an evening. It is a charming addition to Mr. Planché's many accomplishments of that kind."

This comedy was one of the favourite afterpieces of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, during their recent theatrical tour through the United States. It is also frequently performed at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre with that spirit and good taste, which the management habitually displays in its production of vaudevilles of this class. We would like it better if the songs were all preserved in the representation; but it is not often that we have a comic hero and heroine, who can please by their singing as well as by their acting.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1842.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1846.</i>
<i>Duke De Chartres*</i>	Mr. Hudson.	Mr. C. Kean.	Mr. Fenno, Chanfrau
<i>Count de Brissac ...</i>	" Roberts.	" S. Pearson.	" Clark.
<i>Dr. Druggendraft..</i>	" Compton.	" Bass.	" Nickinson.
<i>Pierre Palliot.....</i>	" Chas. Mathews.	" Fisher.	" Walcot.
<i>Officer</i>	" Yarnold.	" Buloid.	" Levere.
<i>Servant.....</i>	" Carle.	" Heath.	" Bleecker.
<i>Duchess de Chartres</i>	Madame Vestris.	Mrs. C. Kean.	Miss Clarke.
<i>Mademoiselle Duval.</i>	Miss Turpin.	" Abbott.	Miss Roberts.

* Grand Nephew of Louis the 14th, and afterwards the celebrated Regent Duke of Orleans. During the life-time of his father, he was called the Duke de Chartres. His Duchess was Françoise Marie de Bourbon, natural daughter of Louis 14th. They were married, Feb. 18th, 1692.

COSTUMES:

PHILIP, DUKE DE CHARTRES.—Purple velvet coat embroidered in gold, wide cuffs, white satin breeches, three-cornered hat, full powdered wig.

COUNT DE BRISSAC.—Light blue coat, with gold trimmings, blue breeches three-cornered hat, powdered wig.

DR. DRUGGENDRAFT.—Square cut coat of black velvet, black velvet breeches, black silk stockings, three-cornered hat, curled and powdered wig.

PIERRE PALLIOT.—Stone-coloured coat, trimmed with black velvet, full trunks of the same.

OFFICER.—Military suit, high jack boots.

SERVANT.—Livery of white merino, faced with red.

DUCHESS.—Rich brocade dress, open in front, and looped up with flowers, white satin underskirt, with two deep lace flounces, powdered hair, ornamented with feathers and flowers.

M'LE DUVAL.—Orange coloured silk dress, open in front, plain white silk underskirt, powdered hair.

MASQUERADERS.—Different coloured dominoes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Foyer, or Saloon of the Opera House, in the Palais Royal at Paris, A. D. 1693.—In the c., a Pedestal, upon which is a Clock—immediately under it, a Seat. A Balustrade at the back, divides the Foyer from a Lobby, supposed to lead into the body of the Theatre. Arches at each side form entrances into the Foyer. As the Curtain rises, Music heard as from the Ball. Masquers are seen passing to and fro, and lounging over the Balustrade.*

CHORUS.—(*“ Danse des Folies, Gustave.”*)

Merrily! merrily! merrily! merrily!

Hasten to the Masquerade,

Merrily! merrily! merrily! merrily!

Be the call of mirth obeyed.

Come where Beauty

Claims your duty—

Love, in whispers soft conveyed,

Makes the tender

Heart surrender

Quickly, at the Masquerade.

Merrily! merrily! merrily! &c.

[*Masquers gradually disperse.*]

Enter PIERRE PALLIOT, R. U. E.

Pie. [*Advancing and looking around.*] Wonders will never cease! I am here, actually here—and twelve months ago who would have deemed it probable, nay, possible? But it's quite true, unless I am in a dream. Here do I stand, Pierre Palliot, aged twenty-two, native of Beauvais, son of Michael Palliot, blacksmith and farrier, here do I positively stand in the Saloon of the Opera House, in the Palais Royal at Paris, with an assignation in my hand

from a lovely woman of quality; for I have no doubt whatever that these lines have been written by some lady of high rank and exceeding beauty, who has been struck with my personal appearance, and has discovered where I live. Look at the paper—soft as satin—smell it—like a garden of roses—and then the style—so mysterious and commanding—“*Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock.*” The thing speaks for itself. How fortunate that I had money enough to buy a ticket. Another week, and my purse would have been empty! There’s the clock; it only wants five minutes to the time!

AIR.—PIERRE.—(“*Mon rocher de St. Malo.*”)

My first grand step in life ’twill be,
Of girls I’ve wooed a score;
But to a dame of quality,
I never spoke before!
As the hour draws near,
I scarce can draw my breath;
My first step in life, I fear,
Will really be—my death.

At Beauvais, they used to say,
I had such a winning way,
And I own I found the fair
Very tender-hearted there;
But in such things, Paris may
Differ widely from Beauvais!
As the hour draws near,
I scarce can draw my breath, &c

Enter DR. DRUGGENDRAFT, R. U. E.

Dr. D. [*Reading a note.*] “*Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock.*” Who could have sent me this note? I burn with impatience to behold the writer! Some lady of the Court, fascinated by my manners, and dazzled by my reputation. [*Reads the address.*] “*To Dr. Druggendraft, Physician in ordinary to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess de Chartres.*” Let me see! let me see! My old countrywoman, the Countess of Klatterhausen, who came from Bavaria with the Duchess of Orleans! Venus forbid! Ma’llé Duval, the new and lovely lady in waiting on the Duchess de Chartres; if it should!—but no—I can scarcely venture to hope so—and yet, a poor dependant on the

Duchess's bounty, she may have been flattered by the attentions of a man of my talent and influence.

Pie. [*Aside, looking at his note.*] I am sure it will turn out to be from the lady who let her handkerchief fall from her coach, the day before yesterday.

Doc. [*Aside.*] It must be from Ma'lle Duval.

Pie. [*Aside.*] It's just twelve. She'll be here in an instant, whoever she is! There's a seat under the clock—I'll take possession of it.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] There's a seat under the clock—I'll secure it. [*As he turns towards it, Pierre seats himself.*] Confound it! there's a fellow just popped himself into it. [*To Pierre.*] I beg your pardon, sir; but would you allow me to sit there?

Pie. With the greatest pleasure, sir, after me.

Dr. D. Excuse me, sir, but I mean *now*.

Pie. Excuse me, sir, I cannot move at present.

Dr. D. But, sir, I am sure, when I tell you that I have a particular reason—

Pie. And, sir, when I tell you that I have particular reason—

Dr. D. But, my dear sir, I assure you that I have an appointment of the utmost confidence.

Pie. But, my dear sir, so have I.

Dr. D. What! under this clock, sir?

Pie. Immediately under this clock, sir—at twelve precisely.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The devil! "At twelve precisely"—"Immediately under the clock." The very words in my note! Can it be a woman in male attire? [*Aloud.*] Will you allow me to inquire—did you expect to see me here?

Pie. Hav'n't the slightest notion who you are, sir.

Dr. D. Sir, you have quoted words which are contained in this note, and I must therefore insist—

Pie. In *that* note—they are in *this* note!

[*Comes forward, L.*

Both. [*Reading their notes at the same time.*] "*Be at the Masquerade to-night, at twelve precisely, in the Saloon, and immediately under the clock.*"

Dr. D. Ha!

Pie. Eh?

Dr. D. Word for word!

Pie. Letter for letter!

Dr. D. Sir! there must be some mistake. You will perceive, this letter is plainly addressed to me.

Pie. And this to me. [*They exchange notes.*]

Dr. D. [*Reading.*] "*Monsieur Pierre Palliot, No. 7, Rue de L'Echelle.*"

Pie. "*To Dr. Druggendraft, Physician in ordinary to their Royal Highnesses the*"—Good gracious! You Dr. Druggendraft! Why, then, you're my uncle! Oh, my dear uncle!

[*Going to embrace him.*]

Dr. D. Gently, gently, if you please. Do you mean to say—

Pie. I mean to say that I am Pierre Palliot, son of Michel Palliot, blacksmith and farrier, of Beauvais, who married your sister, who is my mother, and from whom I have a letter, which I have never been able to give you, because you were never at home, though I've called ten times, at least.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Deuce take him! How provoking! [*Aloud.*] Well, well, young man, admit that you are the person you represent yourself, that does not clear up the mystery of these notes—this ridiculous rencontre.

Pie. Yes, yes, I think it will—I have a clue to it now. It's Coquillard.

Dr. D. Coquillard! Who's Coquillard?

Pie. Jean Coquillard, a schoolfellow of mine, the only creature I know in Paris; I met him yesterday, as I was coming back from one of my fruitless calls on you, and told him that I despaired altogether of finding you. Upon which he laughed, and said, that in less than two days he would bring us face to face! And he has done so! Ha! ha! ha! The cunning rogue! Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The impertinent rascal! Master Palliot, I consider that your friend has taken a most unwarrantable liberty with my name, and I request you will tell him so. I wish you good evening. [*Going.*]

Pie. Why, you're not going off so, without my mother's letter—I've got it in my pocket—I've always carried it about with me, in case I should meet you by accident. There it is. [*Producing letter, and giving it to Dr. D.*] Read it: you'll find I am recommended especially to your protection.

gait! I'd venture a wager, it's my old German physician, Doctor Druggendraft. Oh, it is, there can be no doubt; and with a girl on each arm, too. The old monopolist! [*The Doctor keeps turning round with the ladies as the Duke tries to examine them.*] How he twists about, like a trussed fowl on the spit. He is evidently afraid of losing either his liver or his gizzard! That pink domino under his right wing has a mighty pretty air about her. If I could only find my aid-de-camp, we'd relieve him of both his charges in ten minutes. Ah, there's Brissac. [*Exit, R.*]

Dr. D. Phew! Thank goodness, he's gone at last. I began to tremble.

Duch. To own the truth, so did I.

Ma'lle D. I was so frightened I could scarcely breathe.

Duch. I really think that man knew one of us, or had some suspicion.

Dr. D. Don't say so, madam, or I shall sink.

Ma'lle D. Oh, mercy! Here he comes again with another.

Dr. D. I feel something terrible will happen.

Re-enter DUKE, with BRISSAC, R.

Duke. [*To Brissac.*] Yes! they are still here.

Ma'lle D. I beseech you, madam, let us retire.

Duch. No, no, let us lose them in the crowd—'tis the best plan.

Dr. D. This way, then, quick, quick.

[*Exeunt Doctor, Duchess, and Ma'lle Duval, L. U. E.*]

Duke. Hippocrates has taken the alarm! Follow him, Brissac. He doesn't know you, and when you get into the thick of the crowd, make a dash, and separate him from the pink domino. I'll watch you from hence. Run, run, or you'll lose them!

[*As Brissac runs out, Pierre enters, R. U. E., and runs against him.—Pierre's hat is knocked out of his hand.*]

Pie. Stand out of my way, do. Stop! Pick up that hat, sir, as you knocked it out of my hand. Do you hear? Come back, sir! He won't hear, and he don't come back. So much the better! I'm insulted! The very thing I wanted. He shall give me satisfaction. If I can find him again— [*As he is going toward his hat to pick it up, the*

Duke, who is watching Brissac, kicks it out of his way.]
Hollo, sir! Do you know what you are doing?

Duke. Go to the devil! [*Aside.*] There they are! I see them!

Pie. Go to the devil! Sir, I must insist—

Duke. What's the matter with you?

Pie. Sir, do you know you kicked my hat?

Duke. Sir, if you pester me, I shall kick you!

Pie. Kick me! Sir, you shall fight me! You have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction! [*Aside.*] I've got this fellow, and I'll stick to him.

Duke. [*Aside.*] How shall I get rid of this fool?

Pie. There's my address, sir. No. 7, Rue de L'Echelle.

Duke. Very well—you shall hear from me. [*Aside.*] He shall have a month in the Bastile!

Pie. I shall expect it, sir. You will favour me with your name and address, sir.

Duke. [*Looking out, and aside.*] Bravo, Brissac. He's got the pink domino away. She breaks from him, though, and there she runs—

Pie. And to-morrow morning, sir, I shall teach you a lesson.

Duke. [*Aside.*] She's mine! she's mine!

[*Runs out, L. U. E.*]

Pie. [*Not perceiving his exit.*] You will find that I am not a man to be insulted with impunity. Your name, if you please, sir. [*Turning.*] Gone! Without giving his name! Well—it doesn't signify—he's got mine, and if he isn't a rank coward, I shall hear from him in the morning. Yes, yes, I think I am sure of my duel! And now for a mistress. If a pretty woman would but throw herself in my way—

Enter the DUCHESS, hastily, L. U. E.

Duch. Save me! save me!

[*Is fainting—Pierre catches her.*]

Pie. Here's one at a wish—Madam, with the greatest pleasure—I—eh—why, she has fainted. Poor soul, she really *has* fainted. Here's an adventure—somebody's pursuing her—she begged me to save her; I *will* save her! I'll be her guardian angel, and waft her—Gad's life! it's as much as I can, though! [*Exit, carrying Duchess, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street.—Night.*

Enter the DUKE, running—he stops short, and looks on all sides.

Duke. No trace of her, by all that's provoking! Brissac swore she made for the street. Confound that fool of a Scaramouch who knocked my hat over my eyes; in that instant I lost sight of her!

Enter BRISSAC, hastily.

Brissac! you must have made a mistake—she is not this way—let us return, and—

Bri. Not if you would remain unknown, sir. The police are after us—I have had a sharp run for it.

Duke. The police—what for?

Bri. Nay, I know not. The girl in blue made some complaint to the Commissary.

Duke. Fiddle faddle—complaint—that we didn't run after her, I suppose?

Bri. No; the offence, I think, seemed to be our pursuit of the pink one. The old Doctor was half crazy.

Duke. Ha! ha! He little guessed who were his tormentors. But as to the lady, she should not have taken flight if she didn't wish us to follow her.

AIR.—DUKE.—(*Old French Air, adapted by Mr. T. Cooke.*)

With women, as with other game, the pleasure's in the chase,
Once caught, the interest ceases—yet to blame us, they've the face!
If they would not be hunted, why so chary of their charms?

Can't they fling themselves at once into the nearest lover's arms?

'Tis wicked, it's immoral, to run after them, they say,

When tis very clear we couldn't if they didn't run away.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Pierre's Lodging in the Rue de L'Echelle.—*

A poorly furnished Apartment—a Window at the back, through which the Moon is streaming in—on R., the door of his Bedchamber—on L., facing it, the door opening on Staircase—the door of a Cupboard or Closet, L.

U. E.—A Table and two Chairs.

Enter PIERRE, L., carrying the DUCHESS, who is still insensible.

Pie. [*Placing her in a chair, c.*] Phew!—I've managed

it!—I didn't mind the level ground; but six pair of stairs breathed me! I began to think I should never get up the last flight. Here we are, however, and the lady still insensible! Mercy upon us—if she should be dead!—I may be hanged for murder! I've a great mind to carry her down again into the street! [*The Duchess moves and utters a sigh.*] Ah! she's not dead, at all events! I'll get a light and a glass of water! [*Runs into Bedchamber, R.*]

Duch. [*Reviving.*] All dark!—where am I?—what has happened?—Ma'lle Duval—Doctor—am I dreaming?—what place is this?—ah, I remember! an uproar, a confusion—I was pursued by some one—Gracious powers, whither have they transported me? Help! help!

Pierre. [*Within.*] Coming! coming, madam, directly!

Duch. A stranger's voice! Where shall I fly?

Feeling about the room.

Re-enter PIERRE, with a lighted candle, and a glass of water, R.

Pie. Here—here's a glass of water, madam. I'm sorry I've nothing better to offer you, but—[*She turns, he starts.*] Oh! what a beautiful creature!

Duch. [*Aside.*] This is not the man who pursued me! [*Aloud.*] Where am I, sir—speak, I implore you?

Pie. In the Rue de L'Echelle, madam—No. 7—on the sixth story—a long way up; but now you're here, do take a sip of water, you'll find it refresh you; and pray sit down, you're quite safe here, I assure you—and after so long a faint—[*Aside.*] What eyes she has got!

Duch. Who are you, sir—and how came I hither?

Pie. My name is Pierre Palliot, madam, of Beauvais, and I had the pleasure of carrying you here from the Opera House—I can't exactly say at your request—but you begged me to save you from somebody or something, and I did it as well as I could, at so short a notice.

Duch. I do recollect appealing to some one.

Pie. I was that favoured individual, madam. Too happy to afford any assistance to a lady of your rank and beauty—

Duch. Rank!—do you know me?

Pie. I have not that honour, madam; but I am convinced, from your appearance, that you are a person of

distinction. It needs not the splendour of that ornament [*Pointing to a Locket, surrounded by brilliants, which hangs from the Duchess' neck,*] to assure me that its wearer is one of the most exalted of her sex. [*Aside.*] They all like to be thought so—and in her present position, up six pair of stairs, why—

Duch. [*Aside.*] He is not an accomplice; and seems obliging and respectful. [*Aloud.*] You said you were of Beauvais, I think.

Pie. Yes, madam.

Duch. And perhaps, then, a stranger in Paris?

Pie. I know but two persons in it: Jean Coquillard, an old schoolfellow, and my uncle, Dr. Druggendraft.

Duch. Dr. Druggendraft your uncle?

Pie. Do you know him, madam?

Duch. I—no—I have heard of him. [*Aside.*] How singular.

Pie. The less you know of him the better, I can tell you—he's a good-for-nothing old fellow. Would you believe it, madam, I am the only son of his sister, and he has forbidden me his doors, because my father is not so well off in the world as he is! Oh, let me only make my fortune, as I know I shall do one of these days—

Duch. [*Aside.*] His simplicity assures me that I have nothing to fear. [*Aloud.*] My gratitude is due to you for the service you have already rendered me; may I request you to add to the obligation by—

Pie. [*Interrupting her.*] Oh, madam, you have but to speak, and—

Duch. By calling me a coach.

Pie. (L.) A coach! [*Aside.*] Oh, hang it! she wants to go.

Duch. Do, pray get me a coach directly.

Pie. I question if at this hour I should find one.

Duch. Oh, yes, yes! I am told all night long in some places.

Pie. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? if I get her a coach, she'll go away, and I may never see her again—I ought to make a passionate declaration to her—What a fool!—I'll suramon up courage, and say something very ardent! [*Aloud.*] Madam!

[*Advancing hastily.*

Duch. Sir!

Pie. I—I'll see if I can get you a coach. [*Crosses, L.*]

Duch. Let me entreat you to make haste—every moment is of consequence to me.

Pie. I am going this instant—you won't mind being left alone in this apartment?

Duch. Oh, no, no—

Pie. It's clean and airy. That window opens on the street—there's a very pretty prospect from it in the day time, I can assure you.

Duch. I have no doubt—

Pie. You can see the roofs of all the houses on the other side of the way.

Duch. That must be highly interesting—but just at present—

Pie. Ah! just at present, the view *inside* is most interesting to me! [*Aside.*] I've done it—I've said something!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Will he never go!

Pie. And she's evidently affected by it. Bravo! I'm as bold as a lion now. I'll make a dash at once. [*Aloud.*] Yes, madam, at this moment, I say the view *within* is most interesting; for, oh, madam!—

[*Falls on one knee, L. of her.*]

Duch. [*Turning quickly and running to him.*] Have you hurt yourself?

Pie. Eh? Not at all.

Duch. Thank goodness! [*Helping him up.*] I was afraid you had. I wish you to make haste, certainly, but not to endanger *your* limbs or your neck.

Pie. You're very kind.—I'm much obliged to you—I—I'll go for the coach directly. [*Exit, L.*]

Duch. Poor fellow! I think he limps a little—'twas an awkward fall. Mercy on me; I, alone, at this hour, with a young man, in his apartments! Oh, into what a situation has my foolish frolic plunged me.—What a place to live in. [*Looking around.*] And yet, no doubt, he is as happy here, as he would be in the finest furnished apartments in the Palace of Versailles. And why not? After all, with youth, health, and a clear conscience, one ought to be happy anywhere.

AIR.—DUCHESS.

Did we mortals know how little on earth,
Was really for happiness needed;

What cares would fade—what love and mirth
 Would plume every moment's wing;
 For content is the only true spring,
 From which happiness ever proceeded—
 And the source which we seek far and wide.
 The poorest may find by his own fireside.

Now we dream 'tis *this*—now we fancy 'tis *there*,
 No light on our dull sense breaking;
 As an absent man hunts everywhere
 For the hat which is under his arm.
 For content is the only true charm,
 Of this world a bright paradise making--
 And the bliss which we seek far and wide,
 Awaits us, unseen, by our own fireside.

Ah!—Somebody ascends the stairs—They pause at the door. If it should be—

Pierre. [*Without.*] Open the door, if you please.

Duch. No!—It is his voice—It is Monsieur Palliot!

[*Opens the door, L.*

Enter PIERRE, with a basket in one hand, some bread in the other, and a bottle of wine under each arm.

Pie. I beg your pardon—but my hands, you see, are full, and I could not turn the key.

Duch. Is the coach at the door?

Pie. Ah, the coach! I'm sorry to say, there wasn't one to be found.

Duch. How distressing! You surely cannot have tried—you have been gone so short a time!

Pie. Oh, I ran, and looked in every direction, and hailed two or three that were hired. It's beginning to rain, and they're all gone in a moment.—[*Aside.*] I flatter myself I told that lie famously. Oh, it's a capital idea I've got now, if I can but follow it up.

Duch. [*Aside.*] There is but one way left. [*Aloud.*] Sir, you have shown so much readiness to oblige me, that I am emboldened to ask you another favour.

Pie. A favour!—of me!—Oh, speak!—I—

[*Endearours to express his feelings by action, but is embarrassed by the provisions he is laden with.*

Duch. May I request you, as no coach is to be obtained, to see me safely home?

Pie. See you home! With the greatest pleasure—after supper.

Duch. No, now; without delay. Give me your arm.

Pie. My arm—why, you see—at present—just wait a moment. [*Putting down basket, &c., on table.*] I really am so hungry, and I was sure you must be so, too, that I thought a cold roast fowl, and a paté, and a glass of Bordeaux or Chablis, whichever you like best—I would have brought some Champagne, but—[*aside*—but had no more money.

Duch. For me! I fear that you have put yourself to expense.

Pie. Oh, don't mention that, pray, madam, I'm only sorry that, not having expected company—[*Running to the closet.*] I have two plates, however—indeed, I may say three, almost, [*showing a broken one,*] and two glasses and if you will condescend to put up with—

Duch. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness; but just at this moment I am too anxious, too alarmed, to feel hungry; and if you will but enable me to reach home in safety—

Pie. After supper.

Duch. No, now, now! [*A knock at the door, L.*

Pie. A knock at my door? Who can that be?

Duch. My mask, my mask! [*Looking for it.*

Pie. It can't be Coquillard—and I know nobody else. [*Knock again.*] Come in.

Duch. For mercy's sake— [*Bolts the door.*

Pie. Don't come in! [*To her.*] You're quite right. I beg your pardon. [*Aloud.*] Stop a minute.

Duch. Where can I hide? tell me, tell me!

[*Snatching up mask and domino.*

Pie. In here; take the key. I'll tap when they're gone. [*Knocking again.*] I'm coming. [*Duchess enters bedchamber hastily.*] Now, then. [*Opens door, L.*

Enter DUKE, L.

Duke. Sorry to intrude, but—

Pie. [*Aside.*] My antagonist! [*Aloud.*] I say, your watch must be fast.

Duke. Fast! What d'ye mean?

Pie. Why, I expected you in the morning—but not before day-break. It's only half-past three.

Duke. Expected! eh? [*Looking at him.*] Ah! I've

seen you before—you are the young gentleman who challenged me, I think! You gave me your address, I believe?

Pie. Of course I did, or how did you find me out.

Duke. Faith, by accident on this occasion—for I had forgotten all about our quarrel.

Pie. You had? But I have not, sir, and I insist—

Duke. Hush—stop. I am pursued by the police, and have taken refuge here. If you make a disturbance, or refuse me an asylum at present, I shall be taken, and you may then go without the satisfaction you require.

Pie. (R.) That's all very well; but what have you done to be pursued by the police? Perhaps you're a pick-pocket?

Duke. No, no, don't be alarmed; I'm quite gentleman enough for your purpose. I have merely been giving chase to a pretty woman, who ran away from me!

Pie. I'm not surprised at that—

Duke. Eh?

Pie. I say, I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. At my giving chase?

Pie. No—at her running away.

Duke. There's no accounting for tastes, certainly. Well, she succeeded in giving me the slip, and whilst with a friend I was hunting about for some trace of her, the police, who had been set upon us—for what reason, I can't imagine, as we had been guilty of nothing more than a common masquerade frolic—came up, and as I had particular reasons for not wishing to get into their hands—

Pie. I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. Eh?

Pie. I say, I'm not surprised at that.

Duke. I declare, you're quite severe this morning—however, to end my story—I was obliged to knock down one man, while my friend tripped up the other, and then took to my heels with a whole pack after me—seeing a dark passage without a door to it, just as I turned the corner of this street, I stepped in and let them pass me in full cry—and then softly felt my way up six pair of stairs, till I saw a light from under this door, and heard voices—

Pie. Ah! you heard voices.

Duke. Yes—one was a female's. You are married, I suppose.

Pie. No, sir, I am not.

Duke. Not—oh, then, I beg you a thousand pardons. I wouldn't intrude for the world. If you would just have the kindness to step down stairs—

Pie. Step down stairs! What for?

Duke. To see if the coast is clear; and if so, call me a coach.

Pie. Call *you* a coach! [*Aside.*] Confound his impudence! He wants a coach now. [*Aloud.*] 'Sdeath, sir! do you take me for a porter? Go and call a coach for yourself!

Duke. But I tell you, if I am seen, I may be taken.

Pie. What do I care—

Duke. How? You refuse?

Pie. Sir, I'm engaged. I have company, and I must request you to walk down stairs.

Duke. Ah! you've company—true—and I see supper ready for two—and you are not married—eh?

Pie. Sir, you oblige me to tell you—

Duke. [*Pinching his ear.*] Oh, you sly rogue.

Pie. Be quiet, will you. Let go my ear.

Duke. I say, is she pretty?—humph!

Pie. Yes—no—what's that to you, sir?

Duke. And young, of course—sixteen—eighteen—eh?

Pie. Was there ever—what's that to you? I shall do something desperate, if you don't go!

Duke. I'll wager, now—some piquante little grisette—

Pie. Grisette! No, sir, she's not a grisette! [*Aside.*] Egad, I'll frighten him! [*Aloud.*] She's a lady of quality, sir, and if you don't go directly, she—

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! A lady of quality; and fond of *you*, my dear fellow! She must be a person of high rank, no doubt. Perhaps I have the honour of her acquaintance. May I beg an introduction?

Pie. He's not frightened at all. [*Aloud.*] Will you get out of the house?

Duke. Directly, if you'll fetch me a coach. Seriously, I've no wish to disturb your happiness, my good friend, but I won't stir till a coach is at the door, I tell you fairly.

[*Sits.*]

Pie. [*Aside.*] He has sat down! He has positively sat down! I don't think I could fling him down stairs, if I

tried ; and the noise would disturb everybody in the house—and then she might be seen. I do believe I'd better get him a coach. [*Aloud.*] If I get a coach, will you go quietly and instantly ?

Duke. I will, and fight you as soon as you please after day-break.

Pie. You'll tell me where I shall find you, then ?

Duke. Certainly.

Pie. And you won't attempt to enter that room while I'm gone ?

Duke. Oh ! She's in that room, is she ?

[*Comes down, L. C.*

Pie. That's no answer to my question !

Duke. On my honour as a gentleman !

Pie. I'll go and get you a coach.

Duke. Bravo !

Pie. [*Aside.*] She has locked herself in—and I shall be back in two minutes—I'll find a coach for *him* soon enough, I warrant me !

[*Exit, L.*

Duke. Ha, ha !—It must be confessed, my visit here was rather mal-a-propos. Poor devil !—I shouldn't have liked it myself—to be sent for a coach—just as he was about to sit down to supper—tête-à-tête—and—ha, ha, ha !—with a lady of quality ! Great quality, no doubt—a grocer's wife, or perhaps a doctor's ! Faith, I don't know why I should say that, though—ladies of quality have been known to take odd fancies. Is there no getting a peep at the woman—I'm curious to ascertain—I promised I wouldn't enter that room—but perhaps I might lure her out of it—suppose I just tapped at the door—she might think me gone, and that it was her friend—I'll try, by Cupid ! [*He steals softly to the door of the chamber, R., and taps.*] No movement—I'll try again. [*Tapping again.*] The key turns !

[*The Duchess opens the door and comes out cautiously, the Duke receding behind the door as she enters ; she has on her mask and domino.*

Duch. [*Catching sight of him as she turns.*] Ah !

[*Endeavours to re-enter the chamber, but the Duke has pushed to the door, and stands before it.*

Duke. My pink domino, by all that's fortunate ! [*She attempts to escape, he holds her.*] No, no, you're caught now, my charming runaway !

Duch. [*Aside.*] My husband!—I shall die!

Duke. Don't be alarmed!—I'm the most discreet of men! Let me see that beautiful face—for beautiful I am sure it is—and be assured, that if I recognize the wife or daughter of the best friend I have in the world, I am too well bred to mention it to anybody.

[*Trying to take off her mask.*]

Duch. Sir! [*Struggling with him.*] I entreat—I implore!

Duke. Oh, you may alter your voice as much as you please—it would be useless, if I had ever heard it before. I've an extraordinary quick ear and eye! A person I have once seen or conversed with, I should detect through any disguise.

Duch. [*Aside.*] Merciful powers!

[*Draws the domino closer round her.*]

Duke. And I am therefore certain, that till this happy night, we have never met.

Duch. [*Aside.*] Ha! Is he serious? Does he really not suspect—

Duke. So let me see your face, if but to convince me.

Duch. If you are a gentleman, forbear!

Duke. Upon my honour, you are a very mysterious personage! You have either a most especial and singular horror of me, or you have some dreadfully jealous husband, or tyrant father, of whom you stand in awe. May I ask if the old gentleman whose arm you hung so fondly on at the ball, stands in either of those relations to you?

Duch. [*Aside.*] What shall I say? [*Aloud.*] He is my uncle, sir.

Duke. Your uncle! indeed! [*Aside.*] Dr. Druggendraft her uncle. She little dreams I know him. [*Aloud.*] And the young man in whose chamber I find you is—your cousin, no doubt?

Duch. He is—you are right, sir.

Duke. I thought it must be so. And you often come and sup with your cousin?

Duch. [*Eagerly.*] Indeed, I came not to sup with him, and it is the first time I ever was in this house.

Duke. Oh, come, come! I have no right to ask questions; but, at the same time, I am not bound to believe—

Duch. I declare, solemnly!

Duke. Nay, if you wish to prove the truth of what you assert, there is but one way—

Duch. And that is—

Duke. To sup with *me*, my angel!

Duch. How!

Duke. Charming creature, whoever you are, do you believe in love at first sight?

Duch. No.

Duke. You are wrong, then. I swear, even the little that I have seen of you has bewitched me! From the instant I set eyes upon you at the Masquerade, I felt that my heart was irrevocably yours!

Duch. [*Aside.*] So, so, my faithful husband! Oh, if I dared!

Duke. Come—supper is ready, you see, and I am anxious to believe you. Let us sit down.

Duch. What, in the absence of—

Duke. Your cousin? To be sure—it will be the more agreeable. This foolish young fellow is not worthy of you—you must know he is not. Transfer your affection to me—I will return it with ardour! Reign supreme in this heart, of which you are the chosen sovereign!

Duch. [*Aside.*] The traitor! And could he dare, after this, to upbraid me? [*Aloud.*] But I have no affection for this young man, sir; and I repeat, this is the first time I have entered these doors.

Duke. Sit down to supper, and I will believe everything you say. [*Gently forcing her into a chair, R., sits L. of table, and kisses her hand.*]

Duch. Well, if you insist! [*Aside.*] Oh, Duke, Duke, what a lesson do you deserve!

Duke. Allow me. [*Helping her, then himself.*] By no means a bad dish! Won't you take off your mask?

Duch. No—I make it a condition, on my part, to preserve my incognita!

Duke. Be it so, then. And yet, as you are unknown to me personally—for I'll wager you are not a resident in Paris—I fancy I can detect an accent—

Duch. You are right. [*Aside.*] Let me endeavour to mislead him altogether. [*Aloud.*] I will acknowledge thus much to you. My husband is a draper at Dijon. It was a match of inclination on my part, and I am still fonder of him than he deserves.

Duke. Ah! you should conquer that weakness, and treat him as he deserves.

Duch. He may drive me to such a step, should he continue in his present dissolute courses.

Duke. Is he in Paris?

Duch. I have reason to believe he is, though his business requires his presence elsewhere. I came on a visit to my uncle, and being induced by curiosity to go to the Masquerade, was separated from him in the crowd, pursued by you, and protected by this young—by my cousin.

Duke. Ah! by your cousin—you had almost forgotten the relationship. We'll drink his health. [*Pours out wine for both.*] And now, confidence for confidence. I am a gentleman of Normandy. My father spent a fortune in the king's service, and at the end of forty years, received through the royal munificence, a pension, on which it was impossible to exist. He died, poor old man, and I came to Paris to urge the claims of the family. My journey has been successful—I have found favour at Court—I am promised a regiment, and with that and my wife's little fortune—

Duch. Your wife!

Duke. Oh, yes, I'm married also—to a very good, quiet sort of person, who never troubles her head about my proceedings. I, like yourself, was induced by curiosity to visit the Masquerade—saw you, and was instantly smitten with an uncontrollable passion—followed you, as you are aware—was followed in my turn by the police, and took refuge here, in obedience to a secret presentiment that here I should find you!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Frightened as I am, I can scarcely control my desire to burst out laughing in his impudent face. [*Aloud.*] How extraordinary! And you are really trying to obtain a regiment—

Duke. Only to give your husband the contract for clothing it! Ha, ha, ha!

Duch. Ridiculous!

Duke. Nay, I did not say so of your story.

Duch. But mine is true, sir.

Duke. Well, mine is not, except as regards my love for you; in token of which, I beg you to accept this ring!

[*Taking a ring off his own finger, and placing it on the Duchess's.*]

Duch. [*Aside.*] It shall be a token of thy infidelity!

Duke. And in return, grant me one kiss!

Duch. Sir!

Duke. Oh, a kiss given by a gentleman of Normandy to the wife of a draper of Dijon, can compromise nobody.

Duch. Let me go, I insist! [*Struggling.*]

Duke. Nay, a kiss I will have!

[*Kisses her as the door opens.*]

Enter PIERRE, L.

Pie. The coach is here—Ah!

Duke. Confound the booby!

Duch. [*Aside.*] How will this end?

Pie. Very pretty—very pretty, upon my word! [*Aside.*] And I, who was afraid even to kiss her hand! [*Aloud and fiercely.*] I thought, sir, you promised, upon your honour, not to enter that room?

Duke. And I kept my promise, sir.

Pie. What! Do you mean to say she came out on purpose, then—and—oh—well—I declare! [*Crosses to the Table, and looking at supper.*] If they hav'n't supped, actually supped, both of them, without me! Well, if I didn't see it with mine own eyes—I couldn't have believed it possible.

Duch. [*Aside.*] How can I explain to him!

Pie. And do you think I shall put up with this quietly? No, sir! [*Violently.*] I'll have satisfaction here, upon the instant! One of us shall fall before the faithless creature's face!

Duch. Faithless! [*Aside.*] What will the Duke imagine! [*To Pierre.*] How dare you—

Pie. Don't talk to me! I'm desperate! Eat my supper together, whilst I was running all over Paris in the rain to get him a coach!

Duke. (L.) [*Aside.*] I must stop this fellow's mouth. [*To him.*] Hear me—

Pie. I have no swords—but knives for daggers—

[*Takes them.*]

Duch. Hold, madman! (*Aside to Pierre.*) 'Tis my husband!

Pie. [*Thunderstruck.*] Eh!

Duke. [*Aside to him.*] Hark in your ear—I am the Duke de Chertres.

Pie. [*Overwhelmed—aside.*] The king's nephew and her husband! Oh, what will become of me. The—he—she—my head spins round—I must take the liberty of sitting down for a few minutes. [*Sits, c.*]

Duke. Be calm, young man; you surely must see the impropriety of making all this disturbance before a fair lady, who has done you the honour of mounting six pair of stairs, for your sake.

Pie. [*Aside.*] If he should ever know she's his wife! I'm a lost creature! The Bastile for life! Perhaps the gibbet!

Duke. Positively, you are much to blame; see how you have terrified her. [*Approaching her.*] Compose yourself, madam. [*Aside to her.*] Where can I see you again? [*Aloud to Pierre.*] And believe me, you are unjust to call her faithless; for it was I who lured her out of your chamber, and insisted upon her supping with me. By Cupid, you are a lucky fellow, and ought to be perfectly contented—to be loved by a beautiful woman of quality, as you say she is—

Pie. I—no—I don't say any such thing—that is—I don't know who she is. I never saw her before, and she doesn't love me, I assure you! [*Aside.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Duke. Nay, nay, I have no right—it was your own confession, and so farewell! I leave you together.

Pie. No, no, I object. [*Holding him.*]

Duke. You object—to what?

Duch. [*Aside to Pierre.*] Let him go, for Heaven's sake!

Pie. [*Aside to her.*] Let him go! What, for him to fancy—Don't tell me—he shall do no such thing! [*Aloud.*] Sir, if you quit this room, I shall go with you.

Duke. You?

Pie. Yes, me! I insist upon your taking me with you!

Duch. [*Aside.*] And what is to become of me?

Pie. Eh! Well, then, all three, we'll all three go together; but I won't be left alone with—with this lady.

Duke. His jealousy has disordered his wits.

Duch. [*Aside.*] In his alarm, he will betray me! Ah, he said there was a coach at the door! If I could but contrive. [*Aside to Duke.*] Lock him up in that room, and I will accept your protection home.

Duke. (*Aside.*) Ah, delicious! (*Aloud to Pierre.*) One word, my good friend, with you alone—

Pie. Alone—where?

Duke. Any where. In this chamber—

[*Leading him towards Bedchamber, R.*]

Pie. Well, but—

Duke. Not a syllable; here, go in—(*Pushes him in.*)—and stay there. (*Pulling key out of door, shutting the door suddenly, and bolting the door on the outside; at the same moment, the Duchess, who has watched her opportunity, slips out by the outer door, L., and locks it audibly on the outside, leaving the Duke a prisoner in his turn.*)

Duke. Now then!—[*Turning.*] Gone!—[*Runs to door, L., and trying to open it.*]—and the door locked!—The cunning gipsy!—[*Trying to force it with his foot.*] Confound the door!

Pie. [*Hammering at the other door.*] Let me out, let me out!

Duke. If from this window I could hail the coachman. [*Runs and opens the window.*] 'Sdeath, he's driving off!—Hallo!—Hey!—Coach! As I live, she's in it! Outgeneralled every way!

[*Noise of footsteps ascending the stairs, followed by a loud knocking at the door.*]

Duke. Who's there?

[*Voice without.*] Open, in the King's name.

Duke. 'Tis the Guard! How to escape them—

Pie. [*Within.*] Let me out! let me out!

Duke. Ha!

[*Runs and unlocks the Bedchamber door, and blows out the candle, as the Guard force open the door from without, and hastily enter, L. Pierre rushes out of the bedchamber, R., and is seized by them. The Duke slips out unobserved, L.*]

Officer. You are our prisoner!

Pie. What for? What have I done?

Offi. Silence!—March!

FINALE.—OFFICER.—(“*Garde a vous.*”)

March away, march away,
We've orders you to seize on;
But whether 'tis for treason,
Or for murder, we can't say.
March away, march away.

PIERRE.

The treason's against me, sir,
And murder it will be, sir;
If I for it must pay.
Well-a-day, well-a-day!

CHORUS.

March away, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ante-chamber in the Palais Royal.—On R., the door of the Apartment of the Duchess de Chartres—on L., a smaller door, supposed to lead to a private Staircase. At the back, a pair of folding doors, opening on a Gallery.*

The DUCHESS opens the door, L., from private Staircase, peeps in, then enters quickly. She has on her Domino, and the Mask in her hand.

Duch. Fortune be praised, no one yet stirring! I have arrived safe, undiscovered—what an adventure—and what an escape! The Duke in Paris—at the Masquerade—and oh, Philip, Philip! mine was an act of folly—of imprudence—but yours—yet would the world pass with a smile over your infidelity, and visit my childish frolic with the severest condemnation.

AIR.—DUCHESS.—(*"J'etais bien jeune encore."*)

Yielding to each temptation,
Man in his reason triumph may,
Whilst poor woman's reputation,
One light word can cast away.
Such is the regulation!
Could we with men change places,
How much our conduct their's would shame!
For, in every hundred cases,
Ninety-nine would do the same!
At a rough calculation!

[*Exit into her own apartment, R.*

Enter DR. DRUGGENDRAFT, *from folding doors, R. C.*

Dr. D. Six o'clock! Broad daylight, and yet no news of the Duchess. Horrible suspense! if her absence is once known to the household, I am a ruined man! I said something terrible would happen—I knew it, I felt it!—and poor Ma'lle Duval, she'll be dismissed also—and then I must stifle my ardent passion, as she will have neither salary nor influence, and consequently it would be the height of imprudence to make her Madame Druggendraft. Ah! she is here.

Enter MA'LLE DUVAL, *from folding doors, R. C.*

What news, dearest Ma'lle? Has the Duchess yet returned?

Ma'lle D. Alas, no! I have seen nothing—heard nothing of the Duchess; but I have just been told that the man is arrested.

Dr. D. The man!—what man?

Ma'lle D. A man who was seen carrying a lady in a pink domino through the streets about the time we missed Her Royal Highness.

Dr. D. Carrying her—carrying a princess through the streets!—what desecration! what profanation! My dearest Ma'lle Duval, we are lost—utterly undone!—it must all be made public.

Ma'lle D. I trust not—the Lieutenant of the Police himself is not aware of the name or rank of the lady—he was merely ordered to trace and arrest the persons who were guilty of an outrage that caused a disturbance at the Masquerade—so, if the Duchess has but escaped—

Dr. D. But the man may know who she is, and name her.

Ma'lle D. He wouldn't, for his own sake; it would make the affair more serious for him. But you must manage to see him, and interrogate him directly. Hark! there's a foot on the private stairs now!—it must be the Duchess!

Dr. D. Has no one else a key of that entrance?

Ma'lle D. Nobody but the Duke, who is at Compeigne with the army.

Dr. D. Then it must be she. (*Running to the door as it*

opens.) Thank goodness! your Royal Highness has returned at last!

Enter DUKE, L. U. E.

Duke. "At last!"

Dr. D. & Ma'lle D. [Aside.] The Duke!

Duke. Did you expect me, then, Doctor! You are silent! What's the matter?—what has happened—have I been sent for, and passed the express on the road? Why don't you speak, Ma'lle Duval, are you dumb too?

Ma'lle D. (L.) Me, Monseigneur! I haven't said anything.

Duke. Precisely so—and it is therefore my request that you would say something in explanation of this strange embarrassment, and of your appearance here at this unusual hour.

Dr. D. Monseigneur—the fact is—the Duchess—as Ma'lle Duval will inform your Royal Highness.—[*Aside to her.*] Bear me out—we can't be worse off for a lie or two.

Duke. Well, sir—the Duchess?

Dr. D. Her Royal Highness, I regret to say, was rather indisposed last night—and I was anxious to hear from Ma'lle Duval the earliest report this morning.

Duke. Indisposed! I must see her instantly.

Dr. D. [Aside.] Ah, the devil! [*Aloud.*] No, no, Monseigneur, do not alarm yourself—Her Royal Highness is much better—and has just fallen into the most tranquil sleep. If I might advise— [A bell rings, R.]

Ma'lle D. [Aside.] The Duchess' bell! She is safe, then! [Exit, R.]

Duke. Why, that's her bell! She is awake, you hear!

Dr. D. [Aside.] Returned! is it possible!

Duke. I may go now?

Dr. D. Pardon me, Monseigneur—condescend to wait one minute—till Ma'lle Duval has prepared her Royal Highness for your sudden arrival.

Duke. Then she did not know you had sent?

Dr. D. No—a private messenger of my own—there was no occasion to—it was scarcely necessary—indeed—I may say—in point of fact—[*Aside.*] I have not the slightest notion of what I am saying.

Duke. [*Aside.*] There is some mystery here. If the Duchess was ill—how came he at the Masquerade last night? [*Aloud.*] It is singular enough, that I should have suddenly determined on a visit to Paris at such a moment. I have travelled all night to give the Duchess an agreeable surprise.

Dr. D. [*Bowing.*] Your Royal Highness is a pattern for all married men.

Duke. Ahem!—and you, Doctor, for all household physicians—for you appear to have been up all night also—you look pale and harassed.

Dr. D. How could I sleep, while her Royal Highness was suffering?

Duke. [*Aside.*] The old hypocrite! [*Aloud.*] And through the music and noise of the Masquerade!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The Masquerade! [*Aloud.*] The Masquerade? oh, yes—true—there was a Masquerade last night—in the theatre—I did hear occasionally—in my apartments—they adjoin.

Duke. I thought you might—in your apartments. [*Aside.*] I shall dismiss this fellow.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I wish he had not mentioned the Masquerade.

Enter MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Ma'le D. Her Royal Highness is anxious to see Monseigneur.

Duke. I come. Doctor, you must really take more care of yourself—you are too assiduous—too much devoted to your art, and to your patients—many such nights as the last, would destroy you!

[*Exeunt Duke and Ma'le Duval, R.*]

Dr. D. He never spoke a truer word in his life!—many such nights!—Another such would be the death of me!

Re-enter MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Well, well,—she was really there, then? Tell me quick—what has happened?

Ma'le D. I cannot stop—take this order, and get the young man discharged whom they have arrested. It is her Royal Highness' wish that he should be set at liberty immediately, and treated with the greatest kindness.

Dr. D. Bless me!—but did you tell the Duchess I said she had been ill.

Mlle D. Yes, yes, she will bear you out. Go and do as I tell you—I must search for a trinket she has lost—perhaps on the private staircase.

[*Exit by small door, L. U. E.*]

Dr. D. Set the young man at liberty, and treat him with the greatest kindness! With all my heart; but if I had not the highest opinion of the Duchess, I confess, such an order, under such circumstances—ah, there goes the prisoner. [*Pierre is seen passing along the Gallery, guarded.*] Stop, stop! [*To Guards, without noticing Pierre.*] Here's an order for you to return—I will answer for that young gentleman's appearance, if necessary. [*Exit Guards.*] Sir, [*to Pierre, and bowing very low as he advances,*]—I have the honour to convey to you the commands of—[*recognising him.*] Pierre Palliot!

Pie. Why, didn't you know me, uncle?

Dr. D. Pierre Palliot!—Is it possible? There must be some mistake!—this cannot be the person—

Pie. Then you did not order me to be arrested?

Dr. D. I!—no—

Pie. And you will let me go, then?

Dr. D. Yes—that is, no—if—[*Aside.*] Bless me!—It's very awkward—if he should be the man?—I must not compromise the Duchess. [*Loud.*] Do you know why you were arrested?

Pie. For carrying a lady from the Opera House in a pink domino.

Dr. D. But you didn't—

Pie. Yes, I did, but—

Dr. D. You did! Hush!—hold your tongue!—don't acknowledge it for the world! There's no dungeon too deep for you, if it were known.

Pie. Why, it was at her own request!

Dr. D. At her own request!—impossible! [*Aside.*] And yet, when I reflect—her singular determination to go to the gall—her order now to treat him with the greatest kindness—and—ay, to be sure—this handkerchief, which she threw from her carriage.

Pie. [*Seeing it.*] Ha!—that's mine—give it me back.

Dr. D. Not for the world. Rash young man—if found

on you, it would be your destruction.

[*Putting it hastily into his pocket again.*]

Pie. It would?

Dr. D. Yes, yes—but you must not stay here—you may be seen—interrogated. Come with me—you shall remain concealed in my apartment for the present—anything you require shall be provided for you.

Pie. My dear uncle, all this anxiety on my account! You have repented, then, your ill usage of me. Let me embrace you.

Dr. D. There, there, that'll do. There's no time to be lost—come quickly, before the Duke—ha! he's here.

Enter DUKE, R.

Duke. [*Seeing Pierre.*] Hey-day—my friend from the Rue de L'Echelle here, and with the Doctor!

Dr. D. [*Aside to Pierre.*] Steal off—steal off.

Pie. (*Aside.*) It's no use—he has seen me.

Duke. (*Aside.*) I must give him a hint not to know me. (*Aloud.*) Who is that young man, Doctor?

Dr. D. This young man, Monseigneur—

Duke. Yes—what does he here? (*Crossing, and aside to Pierre.*) We have never met before, mind.

Dr. D. He does nothing here, Monseigneur—he only—just—

Pie. I only just came to see my uncle, Monseigneur.

Duke. Your uncle!

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) Confound him! What did he say that for?

Duke. Who is your uncle?

Pie. Dr. Druggendraft—my mother's brother—my mother married Michel Palliot—now blacksmith and farrier at Beauvais.

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) Blisters on his tongue! (*Aloud.*) I beg your Royal Highness to believe it was entirely without my consent that she formed so degrading an alliance.

Duke. The Doctor your uncle? (*Aside.*) Why, then, the woman's story *was* true, perhaps, and I may still trace her. (*Aloud.*) Have you any other nephew, doctor?

Dr. D. Not that I know of, Monseigneur.

Pie. No, I am an only son.

Duke. Ay, but you have a niece, perhaps—

Pie. No, I have no sister.

Duke. No, but you may have a cousin by some other sister or brother of the doctor—or of your father.

Pie. No, I have no cousin.

Duke. Indeed! (*Aside.*) So, so—the young rogue, then, has actually been cutting out his uncle!—a capital joke! (*Aloud.*) Well, Doctor, as your only nephew, this young man is entitled to your protection, and out of regard for you, I shall accord him mine.

Pie. Oh, Monseigneur! (*Aside.*) If he should ever find out!

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) He, too!—and of all men! (*Aloud.*) Oh, Monseigneur?—(*Aside.*) If he had the slightest suspicion!

Duke. It is my pleasure that he shall remain in the Palace—we will see what can be done for him.

Pie. (*Aside.*) Here's a piece of luck!

Dr. D. (*Aside.*) Poor Duke! Poor innocent man! It's quite shocking to think of it!

Duke. (*Aside to Pierre.*) You know, of course, where to find your fair friend again?

Pie. No—do you?

Duke. Not I. She played me a rare trick—went off in the coach you fetched for *me*! Ha, ha, ha! I had to walk through the wet! Ha, ha, ha!

Pie. No, had you, though? Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) He doesn't suspect—it's all right—my fortune's made! (*Aloud.*) Ha, ha! Capital!

Duke. The cunning baggage—locked me in one room, whilst I locked you in the other! Ha, ha!

(*Both laugh together.*)

Dr. D. (*Aside, and observing them.*) Laughing; both laughing, ready to kill themselves! I'm paralyzed—are they mad, or am I?

Duke. (*To Pierre.*) Harkye! Is the Doctor very fond of her?

Pie. The Doctor?

Duke. Ay, your uncle; you know she is his mistress.

Pie. His mistress! Oh, yes, I know she is his mistress.

Duke. Ha, ha! Does he suspect that he has a rival in you?

Pie. Hasn't the least idea, I should say.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Doctor!—and to think this fellow, with his simple air—Ha, ha, ha!—I see now the reason of his fright, when I told him who I was. He thought I should tell his uncle. Ha, ha, ha! 'Gad, I've a great mind to do so, too—'twould be a glorious bit of mischief—for whilst the two dogs were quarrelling, the third might run off with the bone. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aloud.*] Go, my young friend, to your uncle's apartments, and order some breakfast for yourself. I have a word to say to the Doctor. Rely on my protection.

Pre. Yes, Monseigneur. [*Aside.*] My uncle's mistress! Who can he take her to be? Perhaps it wasn't the Duchess, after all! Ha! [*Sees a corner of the handkerchief, which the Doctor has hurriedly replaced, hanging out of his pocket.*] I will have my handkerchief, though—come what may of it.

[*Whisks it, unfelt by Doctor, out of his pocket, and exit.*]

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] To think of harbouring that viper in his bosom—and to make me an accessory.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, there's no resisting it. I must give the Doctor a hint—in all confidence—that will set them both by the ears! It is the only way to recover my lost Daphne. [*Aloud.*] Doctor! Come hither, Doctor!—My dear Doctor—do you know, if I were in your situation, I should feel rather uneasy.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] He little dreams of his own. [*Aloud.*] May I ask your Royal Highness, on what account?

Duke. You think yourself, probably, very secure in the affections of a certain lady.

Dr. D. A certain lady! [*Aside.*] Mercy on me! has he noticed my attentions to Ma'lle Duval? [*Aloud.*] Monseigneur, you surprise me—what lady?

Duke. Oh, you act surprise remarkably well, Doctor; and I admit, that at your age, and with your grave demeanour, persons would scarcely suspect that you were the slave of a pair of large dark eyes.

Dr. D. Large dark eyes! [*Aside.*] He does mean Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. But I am aware of your passion, Doctor, and admit the lady's fascinations are a sufficient excuse for it.

Dr. D. Monseigneur; I will not deny, as your Royal Highness has condescended to mention the subject, that

I do greatly admire the lady in question, and that I have reason to believe she is not displeased at my attentions.

Duke. Nor at those of others—

Dr. D. Of others! Monseigneur, I have never remarked—I have never observed—

Duke. Oh, my dear Doctor! Let me tell you, as a man of the world—

AIR.—DUKE.

Experience has clearly attested,
When matters take this sort of turn,
The person who's most interested,
Is always the last one to learn—
'Gainst others, while he espies treasure,
And wonders their eyes are so dim,
What has been the town-talk of a season,
Like a thunder-clap bursts upon him!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] That's excellent for him at the present moment. [*Aloud.*] Monseigneur, I cannot doubt the general truth of your Royal Highness's remark, but I am convinced, that in this particular instance—

Duke. My good sir. But mind—this is in perfect confidence, and only to put you on your guard. Your nephew, Monsieur Pierre Palliot, is a young man, too young a man to trust near a pretty woman, when—

Dr. D. My nephew! my nephew! Good gracious, Monseigneur;—you don't mean to say—[*Aside.*] And he puts him in my apartments himself.

Duke. I mean to say, that he has contrived to find favor in the sight of your fair enchantress.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The villain—the licentious villain!

Duke. She visits him, man, at his lodgings in the Rue de L'Echelle—supps with him there!

Dr. D. Pardon me, Monseigneur; but that is impossible. She could not return to the palace without being observed.

Duke. [*Aside.*] To the Palace! Oh, oh! It is some lady of rank, then, as the young rascal asserted; and the locket which I found as I entered the private door, must belong to her! Ay, now I have a clue; but I must not appear ignorant of who she really is. [*Aloud.*] My good sir, you seem to forget—but no matter; so let us change the conversation.

[*At this moment, the small door, &c., opens, and Ma'lle Dural enters, but stops short, on perceiving the Duke with the Doctor.*

Tell me—as I know you are a man of taste—what think you of this locket.

[*Producing the one worn by the Duchess in the First Act, and showing it to the Doctor.*

Ma'lle D. [*Aside.*] In his hands! What's to be done?

Dr. D. [*Innocently.*] It is a most elegant ornament, Monseigneur. The Duchess did me the honour to show it me yesterday.

Duke. The Duchess! Show you this?

Ma'lle D. Unfortunate—

[*Strives to attract his attention, by making signs to him with her handkerchief.*

Dr. D. [*Not perceiving her.*] Yes, Monseigneur; and the portrait contained in it, which I have no doubt your Royal Highness thinks very striking. In my humble opinion, it is the best that has been taken of the Duchess, and the ingenious manner in which it is displayed, by pressing the little ruby on the rim—[*The Duke presses it, and the locket opens.*] Very like—perfectly speaking.

[*Looking over Duke's shoulder.*

Ma'lle D. [*Aside.*] We are lost!

Duke. [*Furiously.*] Dr. Druggendraft!

[*As the Duke turns suddenly, Ma'lle Dural glides behind a pedestal, dropping her handkerchief.*

Dr. D. Monseigneur!

Duke. Will you repeat to me that this locket belonged to the Duchess?

Dr. D. Till she presented it to your Royal Highness this morning.

Duke. 'Tis false!

Dr. D. Monseigneur!

Duke. I say, thou liest!

Dr. D. If your Royal Highness says so, of course I do; but the supposition was natural, as the Duchess told me she meant it for a present, and of course I imagined it must be for Monseigneur.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Fiends and furies! Whilst I have been, as I thought, amusing myself with a ridiculous adventure, has the Duchess—Confusion! [*Aloud.*] Harkye, Doctor, dost know where this locket was found?

Dr. D. Found! [*Aside.*] Oh, murder! Should it be the trinket that—

Duke. Dost know where? In the street—on the very threshold of the private entrance to the Palace!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I've made a dreadful blunder! We *are* all ruined now!

Duke. Dost know at what hour? Six in the morning! Dost know by whom? By *me*, Doctor—by *me*!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I wish I was in Krim Tartary!

Duke. You have asserted that the Duchess showed this locket to you, yesterday. Has it been out of her possession?

Dr. D. I should say, decidedly. [*Aside.*] As it is now in his own.

Duke. Or was the Duchess absent from the Palace last night, and the story of her indisposition trumped up to deceive me? Speak! no hesitation.

Dr. D. Monseigneur, as I hope to live, I did not leave her Royal Highness till past twelve o'clock; and you yourself heard her ring her bell this morning.

Duke. That proves nothing; she might have gone out after you had left her, and whilst you were amusing yourself at the Masquerade, Doctor!

Ma'lle D. [*Aside.*] Ha!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] At the Masquerade! [*Aloud.*] Oh, Monseigneur!

Duke. You were recognized, sir—it is useless to deny it—in company with two females! Was that a respectable exhibition for the Physician to the Duchess de Chartres? And if my wife was indisposed, how dared you neglect your duty?

Dr. D. Monseigneur, on my knees!

Duke. Stand up, sir, and hear me. I will look over this conduct, on one condition only:—that you reveal to me, without reservation, any suspicions that you may entertain respecting the Duchess.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Then he does not suspect, even now! What shall I say? Ah! it will be a good way to revenge myself on that young villain! [*Aloud.*] If your Royal Highness insists—

Duke. Ah! then you do know something? Speak! is there some intrigue on foot? Some favoured lover?

Dr. D. Oh, no, Monseigneur; not an intrigue—no favoured lover—no derogation, on the part of her Royal Highness—merely a—a—

Duke. Merely a what, sir? Speak! speak!

Dr. D. Merely a young coxcomb, who—

Duke. Ah!

Dr. D. Who, presuming on an accident of the most trivial description, imagines himself distinguished by her Royal Highness.

Duke. You know him?

Dr. D. I think I could find out.

Duke. He shall to the Bastile, whoever he is!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Excellent—the very thing! [*Aloud.*] If your Royal Highness will give me the order, I pledge myself it shall be executed faithfully.

Duke. You shall have it instantly. And this locket? You know not how it was lost—nor if the Duchess left the Palace last night?

Dr. D. I am profoundly ignorant of all that passed after I parted with her Royal Highness. [*Aside.*] That's the fact!

Duke. Enough! If I detect you in a falsehood, tremble! I go for the "Lettre de cachet," and hold you responsible for the discovery and incarceration of the offender. Take notice!—To the Bastile—either he or thou!

DUO.—DUKE.—("*Les fillettes de St. Cloud.*")

He or thou! he or thou!

One shall rue the day, I vow!

So take warning, Doctor, now!

He or thou! he or thou!

DR. DRUGGENDRAFT.

He or me! he or me!

To decide, then, I am free!

There's no doubt which it will be,

Since the choice is left to me!

[*Exit Duke. Ma'lle Duval, who has been watching for her opportunity, passes quickly into the Duchess's apartment, R., unperceived by the Doctor, and leaving her handkerchief unnoticed where it fell.*]

Dr. D. No, no, your fate is sealed, Master Pierre Pal-liot. I warned you what would happen; and after the

story the Duke has told me about you and Ma'lle Duval! whether true or not, it will be the safest plan for all parties—it's a master-stroke of policy—I shall be revenged upon my nephew, without committing the Duchess; and as to her injunctions about him, she is too much in my power to resent such a breach of them. Besides, it is the Duke's doing, not mine, and she will not venture to tax him on the subject. And I have here also, in my pocket, a little piece of evidence—[*Puts his hand into his pocket, and misses his handkerchief.*] Eh, why, where—what did I do with the handkerchief? I certainly put it in my pocket—I must have—ha! [*Seeing Ma'lle D.'s.*] There it is! My stars, if the Duke had seen it!

[*Picks it up, and thrusts it into his bosom hastily.*]

Enter PIERRE, c.

Pie. Ah, my dear uncle, I could wait no longer—I am dying to express to you my gratitude, my delight. I have been so served—so feasted—such attentions—such a breakfast—

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I must lose no time. [*Aloud.*] I was just coming to you. Go and get a coach.

Pie. A coach!

Dr. D. Yes, a hackney coach, directly.

Pie. It seems decreed, that everybody should send me for a coach! What for?

Dr. D. You must leave the Palace as soon as possible.

Pie. Leave the Palace—why, I thought—

Dr. D. No words, you are a ruined man!

Pie. Ruined?

Dr. D. You or I, one or the other—the Duke has said so.

Pie. Ah, really!—Is there a choice? Oh, then, my dear uncle, as you never did anything before for me, here's the time to show your affection! Now here is really an opportunity—

Dr. D. Silence—I am about to send you where you will be taken care of, and where it will take some little trouble to get at you!

Pie. Indeed! Well, that is kind of you, too; and if you can't do anything more—

Dr. D. Silence! Here, Antoine! [*To a Servant pas-*

sing.] Take this young man—[*Aside to Ser.*] Tell Duroc to put him in a coach, and drive to the Bastile with him, by the Duke's order, as fast as possible. The "Lettre da cachet" shall be sent after him—we needn't wait for that.

Pic. Oh, my dear uncle, if I can ever return the obligation!

Dr. D. Don't mention it—follow that person directly.

Pic. I must embrace you—

Dr. D. No, no, there's not an instant to be lost! Go, go!
[*Trying to push him out.*]

Enter DUCHESS and MA'LE DUVAL, R.

Duch. "Go, go!" Where is he going to?

Dr. D. The Duchess!

Pic. (L. c.) The Duchess! [*Aside.*] It was the Duchess, then!

Duch. I asked you, Doctor, whither you were sending that young gentleman?

Dr. D. [*Aside to her.*] Madam, I assure you, it was much against my will, but his Royal Highness has peremptorily ordered me—

Duch. Silence, sir. [*Aside to Ma'lle Duval.*] We were just in time, it seems. [*Aloud to Pierre.*] Are you not Monsieur Pierre Palliot, the nephew of Doctor Druggendraft?

Pic. Yes, madam, and who had the honour to—

Duch. I am aware of the service you have rendered to one for whom I have a great regard, and you shall not go unrewarded. Ma'lle Duval, conduct your young friend into the Crimson Saloon, and return as I directed you.

Dr. D. & Pic. [*Aside.*] Her young friend!

Ma'lle D. [*To Pierre.*] Will you follow me, sir?

Pic. With the greatest pleasure, mademoiselle. [*Aside.*] Her young friend! I'm that lovely creature's young friend, and didn't know it! And my uncle to say I was ruined! Pooh, pooh! Ruined! [*Aloud.*] Mademoiselle, permit me—[*Taking her hand.*] Madam, [*To the Duchess.*] your Royal Highness's most devoted servant! Uncle, ahem!

AIR.—("Un beau jour en promenant.")

PIERRE. [*Aside to Doctor.*]

I have neither wit nor grace
At court to make my way, sir;

I had better book my place,
 And go back to Beauvais, sir!
 So at least you said last night,
 And have thought it, too, you might—
 What d'ye think to-day, sir?
 What d'ye think to-day?

[Exit with Ma'lle Duval, R. C.]

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Impertinent puppy! Before my face! Her young friend, too! Then the Duke was right, and the Duchess knows it; and actually sanctions—I'm bewildered!

Duch. (L.) What is the matter, Doctor?—you look agitated.

Dr. D. Agitated! No wonder, madam! And you will be agitated, too, when I tell you that the Duke has found a locket, which—

Duch. I know it.

Dr. D. You know it? [*Aside.*] She says she knows it, as coolly as if—[*Aloud.*] Madam, do you know also that the Duke is in the most fearful state of exasperation—that he suspects—that he has interrogated *me*—and that from one moment to the other, I stand in danger of falling a sacrifice to my devotion to your Royal Highness.'

Duch. I am aware, Doctor, of the exact point to which your devotion is capable of extending; and that it has been drawn out to the utmost limits on the present occasion, by the uncertainty which you are in, as to which course will most affect your own interest. I grant that your position is an awkward one, and as I am conscious that I have been partly the cause of placing you in it, I am willing to overlook your conduct respecting your nephew and myself, on condition that you give him ten thousand livres towards settling him in Paris, as he desires.

Dr. D. Ten thousand livres! I give him—[*Aloud.*]—Madam, are you aware that the Duke knows I was at the Masquerade, with two ladies, and that he may compel me to inform him who was the one in the pink domino?

Duch. You are at liberty to do so, Doctor.

Dr. D. I am at liberty—[*Aside.*] I'm paralyzed!

Duch. I intend telling him myself—but as you appear to insinuate a threat, let me caution you, in return, not to hesitate an instant as to the ten thousand livres, or you may

find that the Duchess de Chartres can procure "Lettres de Cachets" as well as the Duke. Apropos, I have one in my pocket, which—

Dr. D. Madam, I—

Duch. I am sure you will see the propriety of acting as I advise you. Here comes the Duke—will you tell him of the pink domino, or shall I?

Dr. D. I am too happy to leave the matter entirely in the hands of your Royal Highness.

Enter DUKE, with "Lettre de Cachet," R. C.

Duke. Here is the order. [*Aside.*] Ha! the Duchess! [*To Doctor, who is going.*] Stay where you are.

Duch. My dear Philip, I wondered what had become of you!

Duke. Madam, I was at this moment on the point of seeking you.

Duch. I began to fear that your hasty journey from Compeigne had fatigued you more than you were willing to admit, and that you might perhaps pay too dearly for an act of gallantry towards me, of which, I assure you I am deeply sensible.

Duke. [*Aside.*] The traitress! and at the same time—
[*Aloud.*] Madam, it is with much regret that I am compelled to doubt the sincerity of that acknowledgment!

Duch. Oh, surely you would not do me so much injustice! what, not appreciate such a proof of your affection as riding all night—for you must have done so, mustn't you, to reach Paris by five or six in the morning, from Compeigne? Apropos of Compeigne—does the King intend visiting the camp shortly?

Duke. [*Aside.*] Her coolness petrifies me! [*Aloud.*] I know not whether this indifference is real or affected, but there is a circumstance to which I must call your serious attention; and which, as it affects the honour of my name and your own reputation, I must insist upon having a full and satisfactory explanation of—

Duch. Oh, lud! I vow, you quite frighten me! What is it, in the name of all that's terrible?

Duke. Madam! cease this ill-becoming levity. Behold this locket, madam! [*Producing it.*] The sight of it should turn you into stone!

Duch. Well, that is the rudest thing I ever heard in my life, considering that it contains my own portrait! Do you mean to say I am a downright Gorgon—a Medusa?—Oh, fie, Monseigneur! Is this the gallant Duke de Chartres!

Duke. Impudence unparalleled! You recognize it—you acknowledge your acquaintance with it, and do not sink to the earth at beholding it in my hands!

Duch. Sink to the earth! Why, my dear Duke, what should have such an extraordinary effect upon me—unless, indeed—Oh, good gracious! you don't mean to say she gave it to you?

Duke. She!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] She!

Duch. You wouldn't surely display to me a proof of her shame and your perfidy! Oh, no—no, Monseigneur, I will not wrong either Ma'lle Duval or yourself by the thought, for one moment!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Ma'lle Duval!

Duke. Ma'lle Duval! What folly is this? Madam, I found this locket, which contains your portrait, and which was yesterday your property—I found it this morning in the street, at the threshold of the private entrance to the Palace, of which only you and I have a key.

Duch. Bless me!—Did you, indeed?

Duke. I did, madam! and I demand to know by what possible accident it could be there?

Duch. Nay—you must ask Ma'lle Duval—

Duke & Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval again!

[*In this and all the subsequent echoes, the Doctor's is always aside.*]

Duch. Certainly: for either she dropped it there herself, or somebody must have stolen it from her; at any rate, it was lucky you found it, for I am sure the loss of her locket would have greatly distressed her.

Duke & Dr. D. Of her locket!

Duch. Yes—her locket—my gift—which she received with so much delight and gratitude only last evening.

Duke. Your gift—last evening, to Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. What's the matter with the man? Is there anything so very extraordinary in my having made her such a present?—are not such things done every day?—didn't you give a snuff-box with your portrait in it to your Secre-

tary—and didn't the King—and your father the Duke of Orleans—

Duke. Madam—madam!—of course, I know—[*Aside.*] Confusion! have I made a fool of myself by my suspicions, or is this some subterfuge? [*Aloud.*] Where is Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. In the Crimson Saloon.

Duke. I must see her—instantly--

Duch. I fear you will interrupt a tender interview.

Duke & Dr. D. A tender interview!

Duch. There is a young gentleman—a nephew of Dr. Druggendraft—who has been deeply smitten by her.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] The serpent—the cockatrice!

Duke. The young man who was here just now?

Duch. No doubt—he *was* here just now—do you know him?

Duke. Know him?—I—I saw him here. [*Aside.*] The devil's in the fellow!—is this another, or—

Duch. Ah! now I remember—he told me you had seen him, and promised him your protection! How very kind of you—wasn't it, Doctor?

Dr. D. Too kind! a great deal too kind!

Duke. [*Aside.*] What does all this mean! [*Aloud to Doctor.*] Now—before the Duchess—without equivocation, declare your reasons for presuming that some one had dared to entertain certain views with regard to Her Royal Highness!

Duch. What!—Did the Doctor insinuate—oh, Doctor, Doctor! I'm ashamed of you!

Dr. D. Madam, I assure you, I never for one moment imagined—it was only—as I told the Duke—the presumption of a young madman, who, because your Royal Highness happened to drop your handkerchief from your carriage window at the moment he was passing—

Duke. How! her handkerchief!

Duch. [*Aside.*] Is it possible!—Unfortunate!—I *did* lose a handkerchief—he will never believe it was by accident—

Duke. [*Aside.*] She is confused! [*To Doctor.*] Has he the handkerchief in his possession?

Dr. D. No, Monseigneur.

Duke & Duch. [*With different expression.*] Ha!

Dr. D. It is in mine—I took it from him, that he might not compromise her Royal Highness by any vain display of it.

Duch. [*Aside.*] No hope!

Duke. You took it from him—then you do know who he is?

Dr. D. I regret to acknowledge—he is my nephew Pierre Palliot.

Duke & Duch. Your nephew!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I have him now!

Duke. [*Aside.*] Confound the rascal! is he making love to the whole Court! [*Aloud to Doctor*] Produce the handkerchief!

Dr. D. It is here. [*Drawing the handkerchief from his bosom, and giving it to Duke.*]

Duke. Now, madam! perhaps you will tell me it was by accident this kerchief fell from your coach window?

Duch. [*Aside, having examined it.*] Oh, Fortune! [*Aloud and coolly.*] How should I know!—this handkerchief belongs to Ma'lle Duval.

Duke & Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval!

Duch. At least, those are her initials.

[*Handing it back to Duke.*]

Duke. Why, Doctor!

Dr. D. Monseigneur? [*Aside.*] It's witchcraft! I could take my oath I saw her own cypher and crest!

Duke. Dr. Druggendraft—did your nephew assert that this kerchief was flung to him by the Duchess?—Remember! he is here, and can be confronted with you.

Dr. D. No, Monseigneur! I acknowledge that it was only my suspicion, in consequence of—because I—[*Aside.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! he wouldn't believe me, if I swore it!

Duke. And you have dared—

Duch. Hold, hold, Monseigneur—I must intercede for the Doctor, whose head is not quite clear, perhaps, from fear of your displeasure on another and more serious charge—but one for which I am alone accountable—

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] Eh!—she won't tell him, surely!

Duke. What other?—speak, Madam, speak!

Duch. My dear Philip, I was guilty last night of a very great piece of imprudence, for which I have been so se-

verely punished, that I do not think you will add to my self-reproaches any of your own.

Duke. Last night!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] She will tell him!

Duch. Yes: I was impelled by an unconquerable, but foolish curiosity, to take a peep at the Masquerade.

Duke. The Masquerade!

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] She has told him!

Duch. Knowing that I could pass from my own apartments through a corridor to that part of the Palace in which the Theatre is situated, I ordered Ma'lle Duval to procure for me a pink domino.

Duke. [*Aside.*] A pink domino!

Duch. And for herself a blue one—and, despite of all remonstrances, compelled the Doctor to accompany us to the Ball.

Duke. [*Aside.*] My head spins round!

Duch. We had scarcely arrived, however, when a rude, impertinent fellow, who was probably intoxicated, created a confusion, during which he succeeded in separating us from our learned protector there, when Ma'lle Duval, believing that I was the object of attack, rapidly exchanged dominos with me, and, suffering herself to be pursued, gave me an opportunity of regaining my own apartments discovered and unmolested!

Duke. Exchanged dominos!

Dr. D. Then what became of Ma'lle Duval?

Duch. By a most fortunate accident, she found a protector in the person of your nephew, Doctor, who carried her in a fainting state to her own lodgings.

Dr. D. To his own lodgings! Ma'lle Duval!

Duke. [*Aside.*] The devil!—but it might have been worse. If the Duchess—

Duch. And, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, procured a coach for her to return in.

Duke. [*Aside.*] A coach—she hasn't said a word about the supper.

Dr. D. Returned in a coach!—How did she get in?—I've been watching all night.

Duch. By the private door—with my key—which you know I took with me for fear of accidents.

Dr. D. [*Aside.*] I don't believe a word of it!

Duch. Do you forgive my imprudence, Philip?

Duke. [*Aside.*] I ought to say something very moral, and rather severe. [*Aloud.*] Madam—the candour of your confession could alone moderate the just and terrible indignation with which I should otherwise have received the tidings. But for the generous devotion of Ma'lle Duval—a devotion which I scarcely know how to recompense—your reputation might have been tarnished, and my name made a bye-word in the Court of Versailles.

Duch. They might—they might—I am overpowered by the thought! To have risked my fame—and that of the most faithful and devoted of husbands!—a husband—who at that very moment was enduring fatigue—and braving the perils of darkness—in order to press me to his bosom, a few hours sooner.

Duke. Enough—enough—I forgive you—I forgive you. [*Aside.*] I must see Ma'lle Duval instantly, and purchase her silence at any price—

Duch. You forgive me? Oh, rapture!—too generous man—your anger I might have supported, but this kindness quite overwhelms me! It is more than I can bear—Doctor, I feel very unwell—call Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. I—I'll go for her.

Duch. [*Catching hold of him.*] No, no, don't leave me, Philip—I shall faint—Ma'lle Duval.

Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval!—Ma'lle Duval!

Enter MA'LLÉ DUVAL, C.

Duch. Oh, Louise—I have told the Duke all my folly, and your devotion—he is all goodness to me, and gratitude to you. He has found your locket, too—give it her back, Monseigneur—and here, Louise, in addition, take this ring.

Duke. [*Aside.*] My ring! Confusion!

Duch. 'Tis a pretty bauble, is it not, Philip? It was given me by a poor gentleman of Normandy, whose father had ruined himself in the king's service, and then received from the royal munificence, a pension upon which it was impossible to exist.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Ah, I begin to see through all this!—but I am in the toils, and must submit.

Duch. He died, poor man—and his son came to Paris to

urge the claims of his family—he is promised a regiment, and if you would kindly use your influence for him—

Duke. [*Aside.*] Madam, madam!—I see you know all! I am at your mercy.

Duch. [*Aside to him.*] Pardon for pardon, my dear Philip—there is something to forgive on both sides.

Duke. [*Aside.*] It was *you* whom I supped with in the Rue de L'Echelle.

Duch. [*Aside.*] But the Doctor had better believe it was Ma'lle Duval.

Duke. And Monsieur Pierre Palliot—

Duch. I never saw till last night—when he really rendered me a service which should not pass unrewarded. Listen to what I propose. [*They talk aside, R.*]

Dr. D. Ma'lle Duval?—May I believe my ears?—Were you at the Rue de L'Echelle last night, with my rascally nephew?

Ma'lle D. Hush, Doctor—if it should get wind—what would the Court say?

Dr. D. The Court! It is I, Ma'lle Duval, who am most interested in this matter—I, whose ardent passion—

Duke. [*To Duchess.*] By all means—provided Ma'lle Duval—

Duch. I have spoken to her—she has no objection.

Duke. Then it has my sanction. Ma'lle Duval, the Duchess has informed me of the pretensions of Monsieur Pierre Palliot.

Dr. D. But, may it please your Royal Highness—it is I who pretend to the hand of Ma'lle Duval—my attachment, as I had the honour to inform your Highness—

Duke. Yours!—was Ma'lle Duval the lady, then, to whom you alluded?

Dr. D. Undoubtedly, Monseigneur.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Bravissimo!—I shall punish the Doctor, at all events. [*Aloud.*] How is this, Ma'lle Duval? do you return the Doctor's affection?

Ma'lle D. Certainly not, Monseigneur—

Duke. And you have no objection to the nephew?

Ma'lle D. I have promised Her Royal Highness—

Duke. My dear Doctor, I'm sorry for you—but the lady is engaged, you see—Monsieur Pierre Palliot!—where is Monsieur Pierre Palliot.

Enter PIERRE, R. C.

Pie. At your Royal Highness' service.

Duke. Young man—you have presumed to entertain a passion for a lady attached to the household of the Duchess de Chartres, without the knowledge and permission of her Royal Highness.

Pie. I!

Duke. [*Aside.*] Silence, or the Bastile! [*Aloud.*] Fortunately for you, your passion is returned.

Pie. It is!

Duke. And the services rendered by Ma'lle Duval to the Duchess, induce us not only to look over your imprudence, but to consent to your union. Take your wife, sir.

Pie. My wife!—oh! with all my heart.

Dr. D. But, Monseigneur—

Duke. Silence!—or the Bastile—

Duch. And, in addition to the ten thousand livres which the Doctor has promised me to give his nephew—

Pie. Oh, my dear uncle!

Dr. D. But, madam, really—

Duch. Obedience, or the Bastile! [*Aloud.*] In addition to those ten thousand livres, I shall give the bride twenty thousand from my own purse, as an acknowledgment of her services.

Duke. And I the same sum to the bridegroom, as a token of my approbation! [*Aside to him.*] And the price of his discretion.

Pie. Oh, Monseigneur! oh, Mademoiselle! oh, uncle! A beautiful wife and fifty thousand livres! I shall go crazy with joy!

Dr. D. And I with vexation!

AIR.—DUCHESS.—*From "Le Philtre."*

Ye, who so oft have deigned to cheer
This poor heart, with fear when sinking,
That you would still support me here,
Say, have I been too bold in thinking?
Let it not your bosoms harden,
Should mine not have judged aright;
But to the Follies of To-Night,
Add the error with your pardon,
And kindly put all cares to flight.

THE END.



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